

## Chapter 7

Hermione woke up on Boxing Day and stretched. Blinking her eyes open, she spotted her autographed, first-edition copy of *Hogwarts, A History*, and smiled. Christmas with the Potters had been an amazing experience, and not just because of the amazing gift Harry had got her.

Normally, her holidays were spent with her family in their quiet Hampstead home. Once, she had spent Christmas at Hogwarts with only the professors and a handful of other students she barely knew to keep her company. In contrast, the Potter home was full of boisterous conversation, laughter, and warmth. Sirius and Tonks had made their return for the evening, as well as some new guests Hermione had not met.

The first to arrive was Remus Lupin, a Werewolf who helped Lily draft legislation proposals. Next had been Tonks' parents, Ted and Andromeda Tonks. Hermione had been surprised to learn that Andromeda was the sister of both Narcissa Malfoy and Bellatrix Lestrange, though she didn't hold it against her. The last and most surprising guest had been Bathilda Bagshot. When Harry told the woman how much of a fan she was of her work, much to her embarrassment, Bathilda had been more than happy to talk for hours on history. It was truly a subject the woman loved, and it had left Hermione with one of the most memorable experiences of her life.

Sitting up in bed, she looked at the clock. She'd woken surprisingly early after such an eventful day, but the thought of going back to sleep was only fleeting. A mischievous little smirk flitted across her face as a much better idea came to mind. Hermione threw off the covers and hopped out of bed. Careful not to wake Heather, she crept to the door and slipped into the hall. Her bare feet padded across the carpeted floor as she made her way down the hallway to Harry's bedroom, peeked inside, and stifled a giggle.

Harry lay on his back, his bare legs and chest exposed. Only a small corner of the blanket covered his modesty. Next to him, Tonks lay sprawled out on her stomach, taking up most of the bed. Her head rested on Harry's chest, visible as only a head of bright purple hair, while the rest of her remained bundled in the blanket.

Well, most of her, Hermione corrected mentally as she stifled another giggle.

Tonks lay at an odd angle, and one of her bare feet hung off the side of the mattress. Shaking her head, Hermione slipped silently into the bedroom and closed the door behind her. She quickly and quietly padded over to the bed and paused, nervousness and excitement causing a flutter in her stomach. Slowly, she grabbed the corner of the blanket covering Harry's groin and aside, revealing his nakedness.

In his sleep, Harry let out what she could only describe as a resigned groan and turned his head to the side. Biting her lip to hold back a giggle, Hermione gently climbed onto the bed and crawled between his legs. With a smirk, she leaned her head close to his limp member and breathed on it. The warmth of her breath caused him to let out a pleasant moan, and a smile flitted across his lips.

*Poor Harry*, she thought with an affectionate smile.

Leaning down again, Hermione used her tongue to feed his limp length into her mouth. The now familiar taste of another woman's arousal tingled her tastebuds and sent a shiver of excitement down her spine. Harry let out a sigh in his sleep and bucked his hips lightly. His length rapidly began to swell and harden against her tongue. In moments, he became too large for her to hold all of him, and part of his shaft began to peek from between her lips.

Hermione felt delightfully naughty when he reached his full size and throbbed eagerly against the roof of her mouth. Swirling her tongue around his pulsating head, she pulled back to the tip before bobbing forward slowly, enjoying the feeling of his hot, hard flesh filling her mouth.

Suddenly, Harry inhaled deeply through his nose and blinked open his bright green eyes. Lifting his head, he looked from the head of purple hair resting on his chest to his lap in confusion. It took a moment for the sleep to leave his gaze, at which point he smiled crookedly and stroked his fingers through her hair.

Hermione closed her eyes and focused on her own enjoyment of the act rather than solely on his pleasure. It surprised her how much she'd missed doing this for him. At Hogwarts, she did this practically every night. So much so that it had unconsciously become part of her routine. Staying at the Potters had made it harder to slip into his room on a nightly basis and made her realize just how much she missed being a dirty little slut – as Harry affectionately called her.

*If only Lavender and Parvati could see me now,* Hermione thought with a muffled chuckle.

“Something funny?” Harry asked softly.

Opening her eyes, Hermione looked up and shook her head without removing him from her mouth. With her focus back on the task at hand, she pressed her head downward, gagging lightly when he bumped the entrance of her throat. Pausing, she decided to try something she’d been practicing after some more advice from Fleur. Hermione took a deep breath through her nose and dove forward. Immediately, she gagged loudly, saliva falling from her lips, and pulled back with a cough.

“You need to relax,” Tonks said, staring down at her with a sleepy smile. “Or, I can use a spell to get rid of your gag reflex.”

Stroking Harry’s length, Hermione considered the offer thoughtfully before shaking her head.

“No, I want to learn it on my own,” she said firmly. “You’re a blanket hog, by the way.”

“I know,” Tonks smirked. “I’m used to sleeping alone, unfortunately. Not all of us get to share a private dorm with the most eligible bachelor in Britain.”

Smiling, Hermione dipped her head and took Harry’s hot, hard length back into her mouth. She decided to stick to what she knew until she could practice some more. Maybe she could write a letter to Fleur and ask her for some more advice. While she worked her mouth up and down his shaft and pondered those thoughts, Harry slipped a hand under the blankets and started groping Tonks’ chest. With a smirk, the purple-haired witch shifted her head to make it easier to watch Hermione and trailed her fingers across his stomach.

“You might want to hurry up,” Tonks told her. “Lily will be coming to wake us up soon.”

Hermione looked up at her and gave an irritated huff but recognized she had a point. Bobbing her head quickly, she worked over Harry's length using every trick she'd learned. Her tongue swirled around his sensitive head on the way down before her cheeks hollowed on the way back up. Harry let out a long, low groan when she began working in a slight twisting motion on the part of his shaft she couldn't fit in her mouth. It wasn't long before she felt his length stiffen and his muscles.

Hermione was so focused on bringing him to a spectacular climax that her brain took a moment to register the sound of someone knocking on the door. Panic filled her as he erupted in her mouth at the same time the doorknob turned. Pulling off of him, she turned towards the door and met Lily's gaze right before a large, hot string of cum splattered against her cheek. Hermione blushed harder than she ever had in her life and sat petrified, barely even registering the rest of Harry's climax decorating her face and hair.

For a moment, Lily looked just as surprised as Hermione before arching a brow and crossing her arms over her chest.

"Morning," Tonks said brightly, tossing the blanket over Harry's wilting length.

"Good morning," Lily said. "What have I told you about locking the door? What if I'd sent your sister, or Merlin forbid, Hermione's parents to come wake you up?"

"Sorry," Harry muttered.

Shaking her head, Lily grabbed the doorknob.

"Breakfast is ready when you three get cleaned up and dressed," she told them, backing out of the room and closing the door.

There was a beat of silence before the lock clicked loudly into place, and Tonks cackled.

“Oh, Merlin!” she laughed. “The look on your face!”

“It’s not funny!” Hermione hissed angrily. “She’s going to hate me!”

“No, she’s not,” Harry said, sitting up and wrapping his arms around her.

“He’s right,” Tonks said, her laughter calming.

Tossing the blanket off of her nude body, she stretched out on the mattress, her bones cracking loudly.

“Trust me, this isn’t the first time Lily’s walked in on Harry,” she told her. “He got a stern talking to after she caught him with Penny the first time.”

“She walked in on you and Penny?” Hermione asked, hoping Tonks wasn’t lying just to make her feel better.

“Yeah,” Harry said. “To be fair, she was more upset we had sex in the office than anything.”

“They got cum all over her papers,” Tonks chuckled. “The whole Ministry heard about her rant. I don’t know if he ever got caught with Fleur...”

“Not by mum,” Harry said. “Her mum walked in on us a few times, though. Never even batted an eye.”

“Must be a Veela thing,” Tonks said, sitting up and shrugging. “Anyways, the last time we got caught, I was tied up in the living room and getting railed like a Knockturn Alley whore. Honestly, this is probably the least traumatizing thing she’s seen.”

“You did it in the living room?” Hermione asked incredulously.

“Heather was at the Weasleys, and James and Lily were at some Ministry party,” Tonks told her. “How were we supposed to know they’d come home two hours early? Speaking of cum, you might want to wash that out before it starts to dry.”

Hermione reached up to check her hair and frowned when her fingers touched the damp, sticky strands. Sighing, she climbed off of the bed and trotted into the bathroom.

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Breakfast was a bit awkward, and despite Harry’s reassurances, Hermione worried about Lily telling her parents. Getting caught with Harry was one thing, getting caught blowing him while the ex-girlfriend he’d slept with the night before watched was quite another. The fact that Tonks and Harry acted normally settled some of her nerves but not all of them.

After she finished eating, Hermione quickly excused herself to Heather’s room under the guise of wanting to read one of the books she’d gotten for Christmas. Now, it was Heather’s turn to try and convince her that everything was fine and no one was mad at her, but the words had little effect. She stayed upstairs for a few hours before finally reemerging for lunch. Surprisingly, they found the house empty.

“They left a note,” Heather said, pulling a yellow post-it from the refrigerator door. “They took your parents to explore the shops in the village.”

“Oh, good,” Hermione sighed.

They warmed up some leftovers and had a light lunch before settling on the living room couch. Heather flipped through a copy of Witch Weekly while Hermione checked over her notes for the ritual she wanted to perform with Harry.

“That looks interesting.”

Hermione stiffened at the sound of Lily’s voice and looked over her shoulder.

“Oh!” she gasped. “I, uh, I thought you went into town with my parents.”

“I stayed behind to do some laundry,” Lily said before turning to her daughter. “Would you give us a few minutes, Heather? I think Hermione and I need a little chat.”

“Um, alright,” Heather said reluctantly.

Sending Hermione an apologetic look, she stood and made her way toward the stairs. As Lily took her seat, Hermione bit her lip and waited, lamenting the fact it was far too late to try and cover her notes.

“So, a ritual,” Lily said. “Those can be pretty dangerous. Do you mind if I take a look?”

Bowing her head meekly, Hermione handed them over without a word of protest. She waited nervously and silently as Lily Potter read over them.

“Well, it looks like you covered all of your bases,” Lily said after a few moments. “I take it you plan to do this with Harry. Have you asked him about it yet?”

“Not yet,” Hermione admitted softly. “I wanted to make sure I had it all figured out first.”

Lily hummed and handed the notes back to her.

“You know, everyone compares Harry to James, but he’s really a lot more like me,” she said with a sigh.

Lifting her head, Hermione looked at her curiously, and Lily smiled softly.

“James was considered quite the ladies’ man while we were at school,” Lily explained. “They see Harry with these stunning, brilliant women and think he must be the same. But there’s a big difference between them. James got girls because of his looks and his... swagger; I guess you could call it. Their attraction to him was superficial. Harry finds his way into people’s hearts. Penny, Fleur, Tonks... they all love him. And you do, too, don’t you?”

Hermione bit her lip, her heart fluttering as she seriously considered the question.

“I – I think so,” she replied, sitting back with a sigh. “I don’t really know. I’ve never felt like this about anyone before.”

“I think you do,” Lily said. “I can see it in the way you two look at each other. He looks at you the same way James looks at me. It’s the same way the other girls look at him. Which is why your ritual will do almost nothing.”

“What?” Hermione asked, her brow furrowed in confusion.

“Hermione, rituals require a sacrifice,” Lily told her. “You can’t sacrifice your virginity if you gift it to Harry. Magic is all about intent. You’d be giving a part of yourself to him, not for the ritual, and magic would know that. For this to work, you’d have to do it with someone you either don’t know or don’t want to be with. Even then, you’d only get permanent results if they took you forcefully. I doubt that’s something you want to experience.”

Hermione felt sick at the thought and shook her head.

“And that is why rituals are useless for anyone but dark witches and wizards,” Lily said. “Some of the older families like to argue they’re not dark magic, but they haven’t performed a truly successful ritual in centuries. They get a temporary benefit at most, and even then, it’s



marginal. It's a bit of a monkey's Paw situation. In order to get what you want, you have to give up something most people aren't willing to lose."

"I had no idea," Hermione said with a frown. "The book made it sound like it wasn't that big of a deal as long as you got the Arithmancy right."

"Of course it did," Lily said. "Books are only as unbiased as the writer. Now, how did you and Harry end up getting involved? I don't mean any offense, but you're not his usual type, and he barely mentioned you before this year. I'm just curious."

Looking away, Hermione blushed.

"Well, it's a bit of a long story," she said.

"We've got time," Lily smiled.

Sighing, Hermione decided to just tell her the truth.

"Well, I asked Harry to teach me how to attract boys and about..."

"Sex?" Lily asked gently.

Biting her lip, Hermione nodded.

"Let me guess," Lily said with a smile. "It started out that way, but you started falling for him. The only thing I don't understand is how Tonks got involved."

Again, Hermione blushed.

“Um... Harry thought it would be a good idea to have some of his exes teach me,” she confessed softly. “Penny helped me get some new clothes and taught me how to dance; Fleur taught me how to... give oral, and Tonks... well, I don’t think I know what she’s supposed to be teaching me. One thing just led to another and...”

Hermione dropped her face into her hands and rubbed her eyes. Saying it out loud made her realize how ridiculous her situation was.

“It’s alright,” Lily said, rubbing her back soothingly. “You’re not the first to enjoy another witch’s company, and you certainly won’t be the last.”

Lifting her head, Hermione blinked at her in surprise, and Lily smiled.

“What?” she asked. “I wasn’t interested in any boys until James finally grew up, but I wasn’t a nun. Just don’t tell James. He’d beg me for a threesome until the end of time if he ever found out.”

Hermione smiled briefly before it fell, and she began worrying her bottom lip.

“You’re not... disappointed?” she asked, feeling like that wasn’t quite the right word.

“Oh, no. Of course not,” Lily said, wrapping an arm around her shoulder. “I’m concerned, certainly, but I’m not disappointed in any of you.”

“Concerned?” Hermione asked.

“While multi-partner relationships are more common in the wizarding world, they rarely work out,” Lily told her. “If anyone can make it work, it’s my son, but I still worry. And I worry about you girls, too. You’re all wonderful, exceptional witches. Harry wouldn’t be as interested in you if you weren’t. I just don’t want to see any of you get your hearts broken. Have you talked to any of them about how this whole thing might work?”

“No,” Hermione admitted with a sigh. “I don’t even know if Harry’s that interested in me. Besides, I’m not that close with Penny or Fleur, and I just met Tonks a week ago. I thought it would be best to wait until later in the year and-”

“Put it off for as long as possible,” Lily interrupted with a knowing look. “My advice is don’t. Start talking about it now. You need to be open and honest about what you want in a relationship. You should figure out now if all of you are going to be with him – with each other – or if you’re all going to compete and try to stay friends when he has to pick just one of you.”

Hermione bit her lip hard to fight against the stinging in her eyes at the thought of Harry leaving her for one of the other girls at the end of the year. She’d understand and be happy for them, of course, but it would hurt.

*Maybe I am in love with him, she thought.*

“You’re right,” she admitted. “I’ll talk to them.”

*Maybe it would be best if I talked with Penny, Fleur, and Tonks first, Hermione thought. There’s no sense in getting Harry’s hopes up if we all don’t agree.*

“Good,” Lily smiled. “Now, Harry mentioned you were interested in coming to work for me after you graduate.”

Hermione smiled, grateful for the change of subject.

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“We’re home!” Tonks yelled as she walked in the front door a couple of hours later. “And we brought company.”

Behind her, James and Hermione's parents followed after her, their arms loaded with bags.

"If it's a stray, we don't want it," Lily said.

"It's not Sirius," Tonks smirked.

"Bonjour." Fleur smiled as she walked into the house, followed by Harry.

"Fleur," Lily grinned, getting to her feet. "It's so good to see you again. How have you been?"

"Bon," Fleur said, greeting Lily by kissing her cheeks. "I went 'ome to France for Christmas, but I 'ave to be back to work on Monday."

"Would you like to stay for dinner?" Lily asked. "I was just about to get started."

"Eef eet's no trouble," Fleur shrugged.

"Nonsense," Lily replied. "You know you're always welcome."

"Merci," Fleur smiled.

"How was the village?" Hermione asked her parents, absently watching as Fleur and Tonks settled on the couch on the other side of the room.

"Beautiful," Emma smiled. "Although, your father seemed to find something else he liked better."

“What?” Dan said, dragging his gaze away from Fleur.

Covering her mouth, Hermione giggled while Emma rolled her eyes and huffed.

“It’s not entirely his fault, Mum,” she explained. “Fleur is a Veela. They have an Allure that attracts attention, especially from men. You should have seen the boys at Hogwarts when she came for the Triwizard Tournament. Ronald Weasley’s head looked like it was going to explode every time he looked at her.”

“Oh, that’s right. I remember you writing about that,” Emma said thoughtfully.

Reaching over, she took the bags from Dan’s hand and rolled her eyes when his eye trailed back over to Fleur. Emma rolled her eyes again and poked him hard in the side. He spun around just in time to watch her walk off to the guest room they were staying in.

“Bugger,” Dan muttered. “How much trouble am I in?”

“Nothing too bad... yet,” Hermione smirked.

“Oh, good,” Dan nodded, following after his wife.

Shaking her head, Hermione made her way over to the other side of the room to join the others. Dinner was an enjoyable affair, where she learned something quite interesting. Sirius had stopped by after work, and he was even worse than Ron when it came to Fleur’s Allure. He could fight the Allure for a time, but eventually it would get the best of him and he would flirt outrageously. Much to the amusement of the rest of the table, a quick Stinging Hex from Lily brought him back to his senses.

“We need to bring ‘im to France,” Fleur told Harry. “Maman would enjoy ‘im.”

Sirius looked torn between embarrassed and intrigued, and given the smirk on the blonde's lips, she'd intentionally worded it to get that reaction. On the bright side, seeing how Sirius acted made Emma more willing to let her husband's glance go unmentioned. Rather predictably, Tonks took full advantage of the situation to tease Sirius relentlessly. Meanwhile, Hermione and Heather watched and snickered to themselves for the entire meal.

"Are you staying the night, Fleur?" Lily asked as James and Harry started to clear the table.

"Eef you don't mind," Fleur said.

"Not at all," Lily smiled. "Do you want me to make up another room?"

"Non, I can stay wiz 'Arry," she replied, glancing at Tonks, who shrugged carelessly, but her hair flashing pink gave away her excitement.

James and Sirius froze, staring between Lily and Fleur with comical expressions. Hermione's parents shared a surprised look, and her stomach tightened with worry, wondering what they would think.

"I'll get you an extra blanket," Lily smirked. "I hear Tonks likes to hog the covers."

Fleur smirked, "Zen 'Arry weel 'ave to keep me warm, non?"

"No way," Sirius whispered.

As one, he and James, their mouths gaping, turned to face Harry.

"I'm so proud," James said, wiping away an imaginary tear.

“How?” Sirius asked, striding forward to grab Harry by his jumper. “Teach me.”

“Use less cheesy pickup lines,” Harry said, patting his shoulder.

Grumbling under his breath, Sirius let go of him and turned to James.

“We’ve taught him too well,” he muttered. “Prongs, your son is making us look bad.”

“Just remember, we taught him everything he knows,” James said consolingly.

Lily snorted softly and glanced at Hermione. Remembering the conversation they’d had earlier, they shared a smile.

“You don’t mind two women sharing a room with your son?” Emma whispered to Lily just loudly enough for Hermione to overhear.

“I know it might seem a bit unusual, but this sort of thing happens more often in the magical world,” Lily told her softly. “It took me a while to get used to seeing too. As long as Harry is happy and no one is getting hurt, I don’t see a problem. I hope that doesn’t make you uncomfortable.”

“Oh no,” Emma replied quickly. “I’m just surprised, that’s all. What do you mean that this happens more in the magical world, though?”

Lily flashed a brief, triumphant smile in Hermione’s direction before answering her mother’s question. It was at that moment she realized just how devious Lily could be. She wasn’t just explaining the situation; she was easing her parents into accepting that some things were just different in the magical world. As Lily explained how magic could bring people together in unexpected ways, Hermione looked over at Harry and smiled.

Maybe, just maybe, things would work out the way she hoped.

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Hermione didn't even pretend she was going to stay in her room that night. With her parents downstairs and James going to bed early for work in the morning, she bid Heather and Lily goodnight and made her way straight to his room. Surprisingly, Harry was nowhere to be seen. On the bed, Tonks and Fleur were snogging heavily, their hands groping roughly over each other's clothes as they rolled around on the mattress.

"I'm not sure if I should feel jealous or not."

Turning, Hermoine spotted Harry standing in the bathroom doorway with a smile on his face. He had clearly just gotten out of the shower with his wet hair and a towel wrapped around his waist.

"I think she wants to fuck Fleur more than I do," he joked.

"Have you seen her?" Tonks asked, yanking Fleur's jumper over her head and revealing her large, pale breasts in a white designer bra. "Seriously, look at these tits!"

"Must you be so crude?" Fleur asked, her bright blue eyes sparkling as Tonks molested her chest.

"Yes," Tonks said, her eyes locked on Fleur's breasts.

Diving down, she buried her face in the mountain of cleavage, sucking and nipping at the pale, delicate flesh. Fleur moaned, her fingers threading through Tonks' purple hair as she arched her back.



“Hermione,” Tonks said, her voice muffled by the mounds rubbing her cheeks. “Get Harry hard, would you? I have an idea.”

Hermione looked at her with a raised eyebrow, but Tonks was too busy trying to remove Fleur’s bra to see it. Rolling her eyes with a smile, she made her way over to Harry and stopped in front of him. Before she could drop to her knees, he grabbed her hips and pulled her against his chest. His lips crashed against hers while his hands began tugging at her clothes. A smile tugged at the corner of her lips as she helped him. Hermione found it flattering that even with Fleur and Tonks in the room, he still wanted to see her naked as well.

In moments, she was completely naked. One of Harry’s hands groped her bum roughly while the other palmed her breast, his palm rubbing wonderfully against her engorged nipple. She felt his erection rub against her thigh through the towel and remembered what she was supposed to be doing. Pulling back from his lips breathlessly, she yanked the towel out of the way and squealed when his hot, rigid length jumped up and slapped against her mound. Letting out a low moan, Hermione rolled her hips, sliding him along her excited folds.

“He’s ready,” Hermione called, biting her lips as she backed away.

“Hmm? Oh, right,” Tonks said.

She and Fleur had both completely lost their clothes while Hermione had been busy with Harry. Grinning, Tonks hopped off of the bed, her perky breasts bouncing wildly. Fleur sat up on her arms and watched curiously as Tonks stopped side-by-side with Harry. She closed her eyes, and her brow furrowed with intense focus. Hermione scanned her gaze over her body, waiting for something to happen. After a moment, her pubic hair vanished, and the skin above her mound began to protrude. Slowly, it grew longer and thicker until the appendage sprouting between her legs looked almost identical to the one between Harry’s.

“Mon Dieu,” Fleur gasped.

“Is that real?” Hermione asked, watching as Tonks’ newly grown erection throbbed.

“Yup,” Tonks grinned. “Fully functional. We’ll sort of. I can’t do the balls for some reason.”

Crawling off of the bed in a daze, Fleur walked over, stopped in front of them, and dropped to her knees. With a look of wonder, she reached out and took Harry’s shaft in her right hand and Tonks’ in her left.

“Magnifique,” Fleur whispered, inspecting them closely.

When she lifted them up, Hermione noticed that Tonks’ folds looked unchanged. Thoughts of all the possibilities raced through her mind, sending her libido into overdrive.

“Ever had two cocks at once, Fleur?” Tonks asked with a smirk.

“Non,” she replied, shaking her head as she stroked their shafts. “But I ‘ave imagined...”

Trailing off, Fleur leaned forward and took Harry into her mouth, then quickly turned and did the same to Tonks.

“Fuck,” Tonks hissed. “What the fuck is that tingling?”

“Feels good, non?” Fleur asked.

Smirking, she lifted Tonks’ length and ran her tongue along her damp slit. Tonks gasped and bucked her hips.

“Bloody hell!” Tonks exclaimed.

“I told you,” Harry grinned smugly.

“Fine, it feels amazing,” Tonks grumbled even as she hissed pleurably when Fleur ran her tongue up her length. “But I still say Metamorphs are better in bed than Veela.”

Hermione giggled while Harry rolled his eyes.

“It’s not a competition,” he told her.

“Speak for yourself,” Tonks muttered.

“Are we competing, Nymphadora?” Fleur purred.

Before she could respond to the question or the use of her first name, Fleur swallowed her length whole.

“Holy fuck!” Tonks shouted.

Grabbing the back of Fleur’s head, she bucked her hips until Fleur pulled back slowly, her cheeks hollowed. Tonks shivered when her full, pouty lips came off of her red, pulsating tip with a light *pop*.

“Do you really think you can compete with me, Nymphadora?” Fleur asked silkily.

“That’s it,” Tonks said, her eyes flashing open.

She screwed up her face, and her body grew, her muscles becoming larger and more defined. By the time she stopped, Tonks had the physique of a bodybuilder. Fleur’s eyes widened when she suddenly bent down and lifted her into the air like she was nothing.

“So strong,” Fleur gasped, running her hands over Tonks’ bulging muscles.

Harry shook his head and chuckled as Tonks tossed her onto the bed and crawled after her. Bending down, she elongated her tongue to a ridiculous length. Fleur gasped, her eyes sparkling excitedly just a moment before Tonks shoved it into her depths. The French witch let out a string of French curses before throwing her head back with a long moan.

“Harry,” Hermione said. “Can we invite Penny over tomorrow?”

She’d asked the question as soon as it popped into her head and blushed lightly when Harry looked at her curiously.

“Sure,” he shrugged. “Any reason why?”

Taking a deep breath, Hermione chewed her bottom lip.

“I’m ready,” she said. “I want you to be my first, but I want all of them to be here. It seems... fitting.”

Harry smiled and wrapped an arm around her waist. Pulling her against his side, he kissed the top of her head affectionately.

“If that’s what you want, I’ll owl her first thing in the morning,” he said.

Hermione smiled, turned into him, and kissed him on the lips. As they pulled apart, Fleur cried out loudly.

“Thank you,” she said, smiling.

“Oi, Potter!” Tonks barked. “Get your arse over here!”

They both turned back to the bed to find Fleur sprawled out, obviously recovering from an intense climax. Tonks lay on her back, stroking her length as she gazed lustfully at the panting French witch.

“Unless Frenchie here wants to admit defeat,” she smirked.

Opening her eyes, Fleur huffed and seemed to recover almost instantly. Without a word, she crawled over to Tonks and impaled herself on her length. Both of them moaned long and low, heads thrown back. Laughing lightly, Harry turned to Hermione with a questioning look.

“Oh, go on,” she told him with a smile. “I want to see this.”

With a lopsided grin, Harry gave her a brief but passionate kiss before making her way over to the bed. Hermione lounged at the foot of the mattress, biting her lip and teasing her folds while Tonks grabbed Fleur by the hips and used her impressive strength to raise and lower her on her length.

“Where do you want me?” Harry asked.

With a smirk, Tonks shifted her grip to Fleur’s pillowy cheeks and pulled them apart, her index finger grazing her backdoor.

“Here,” she said, staring at Fleur’s face expectantly.

Surprisingly, Fleur merely laughed.

“Oh, Nymphadora,” she purred almost mockingly. “I am Veela. I was born for sex.”

Tonks huffed and glared at her smiling face while Harry lubed himself up and placed his tip at her wrinkled entrance. Hermione let out a trembling, excited breath as he eased forward. She accepted him with a pleased moan, taking inch after inch of his shaft effortlessly.

“Oh,” Fleur gasped when he bottomed out. “Zis feels even better zan I thought eet would. Fuck me.”

“You heard her,” Tonks grinned. “Let’s see how she likes this!”

Harry and Tonks began to thrust back and forth. It took a few moments for them to get into a rhythm, but when they did, Fleur’s Allure flooded the room as she moaned. Hermione plunged two fingers into her depths and rubbed her throbbing clit, her eyes locked on the entrancing scene.

“More,” Fleur gasped. “Harder!”

Growling, Tonks gripped her hips harshly, her thrusts becoming harder and faster. Harry had to hold onto Fleur’s shoulders to keep pace. His hips pummeled her thick, firm cheeks, sending ripples through the pale globes. As Fleur threw her head back, looking like a goddess as she took the brutal pounding with ease, Tonks panted and huffed like a lust-crazed animal. Sweat beaded on her forehead, causing the fringe of her hair to become damp and limp. She blew it out of her face angrily and hammered up into Fleur with all the strength she could muster.

Suddenly, Fleur’s Allure enveloped the room as she cried out in climax. Hermione gasped and shuddered as pure arousal flooded her veins. Her folds leaked copiously as she fingered herself furiously. Biting her lip, she trailed one finger through her wetness and pressed it against her own rear entrance. She gasped when it slipped inside, then moaned as she bucked her hips.

“More!” Fleur growled, throwing herself into their thrusts.

“Bloody hell!” Tonks gasped.

Tonks' strength began to flag noticeably as her breath became erratic and uneven. Fleur took over seamlessly, driving herself down onto the towering pillar of flesh. Behind her, Harry quickly adjusted to her movements.

"Are you going to cum for me, Nymphadora?" Fleur asked with a smirk.

"Not. Fair," Tonks panted.

"Of course not," Fleur said, her eyes sparkling. "I am Veela."

Tonks whimpered and closed her eyes as she visibly tried to hold back her climax. Meanwhile, Harry leaned over Fleur's back, kissing her neck and groping her breasts. With a moan, Fleur arched her back and reached behind to run her fingers through his hair.

"Fuck!" Tonks shouted in frustration. "Why does it feel so good?"

"Nozzing beats a Veela," Fleur smirked.

With a defeated groan, Tonks bucked her hips twice before a cry left her lips. Her muscles flexed impressively as she pulled Fleur down with her powerful arms. Fleur gasped and trembled as Harry gave her several rapid, savage thrusts. They moaned in unison as he stiffened and erupted inside of her.

Imagining herself in her position, Hermione followed after them a few moments later. The room was filled with heavy panting and the occasional groan for the next couple of minutes. Eventually, Harry pulled out of Fleur and rolled onto his back. Staring down at Tonks, Fleur sighed and shook her head.

"Done so soon?" she asked disappointedly.

Tonks cracked an eye open and groaned tiredly.

Sighing, Fleur shook her head with an affectionate smile.

“Zat was fun, but we need to work on your stamina,” she said.

Pressing her hands against her muscular chest, Fleur lifted herself off of her curled up next to Harry. With another groan, Tonks’ body went back to normal.

“I don’t normally get tired that quickly,” she panted tiredly. “Giving myself those muscles was a mistake. They use up a lot of energy.”

“Zen I ‘ope you last longer next time,” Fleur said, smirking challengingly.

“Count on it,” Tonks said determinedly.

Hermione shared an amused look with Harry and giggled.